Britannia's Invitation

A New Song

COME, ye lads, who wish to ſhine,
Bright in Fortune's ſtory,
Haſte to arms, and form the line
That leads to martial glory;
Beat the drum, and trumpet ſound,
Manly and united,
Danger face, maintain your ground,
And ſee your Country righted.

Charge the muſquet, point the lance,
Brave the worſt of dangers,
Till the bluſt'ring ſons of France
That we to Fear are ſtrangers.
Beat the drum, &c.

Britain, when the Lion's rous'd,
And her flag is reaſing,
Always finds her ſons diſpos'd
To drub the foe that's daring.
Beat the drum, &c.

Hearts of oak with ſpeed advance,
Pour your naval thunder
On the timerous ſhore of France,
And ſtrike the world with wonder.
Beat the drum, &c.

Honour for the brave to ſhare,
Is the nobleſt booty,
Guard your coaſt, protect the fair,
For that's a Briton's duty.
Beat the drum, &c.

What if Spain do take their parts,
From a baſe alliance;
True united Britiſh hearts,
May bid the world defiance.
Beat the drum, &c.